

THIS WEEK'S * * * ATTRACTIONS.

Lyceum hall—Mouday night, Leopold Godowsky recital.

Grand opera house—All week, "Too Much Johnson."

Minth Street opera house—All week, "The Mikado" by High School Glee Club. One of the big musical events of the season in Kansas City will be the recital at Lyceum hall to-morrow evening by Mr. Leopold Godowsky, the Polish pianist, who will make his first appearance in Kansas City on this occasion. Godowsky is said to be a prodigious player, although he is still a comparatively young man. He ranks anscent the American public during the current season, of whom Sherwood is the only one to have appeared in Kansas City at this city will have less in music this spring than has been the custom, particular interest should concentrate upon this event. The programme is one calculated to attract the general concertigoing public. Some changes have been made in it since the original announcements. The revised programme is set follows:

2 Variations, C minor (Beethoven), Op. 9, Carnival (Schumann).

22 Variations, C minor (Beethoven). Op. 9, Carnival (Schumann). "Fruhlingsglaube Ave Maria" (Schubert-

Lisat). "Invitation to the Dance" (Weber-Tausig).
Impromptu. F sharp; Berceuse; Ballade, G minor; Scherzo, C sharp minor; Polonaise, Op. 35, A flat (Chopin).
Eclogue, "At the Spring," concert study, F minor (Liszt).

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Overture, "Tannhauser" (Liszt),
O' Godowksy's playing of the Schumann
number here promised, and several others,
Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, editor and critic
of Music, has written as follows:
"The playing of the Schumann carnival
was the best I have ever heard. The treatment brought out a musical beauty and a
vigor of idea which I have never before
realized as illustrated in this often played
work. The Liszt pieces, while rhapsodical,
are brilliant and worth hearing. The ballade contains one or two passages of a

are brilliant and worth hearing. The bal-lade contains one or two passages of a cheap character; but the remainder of the work is strong. The Bulow transcription was delightful. The playing as a whole belonged to a very high order of work-masterly in point of technique and tone production, as well as musical conception,

Theatergoers are familiar with the eccentic humor originated by William Gillette, and they are naturally interested in his welly comedy. "Too Much Johnson," which so be presented at the Grand opera to be presented at the Grand opera to be presented at the Grand opera." Is

lively comedy. Too Much Johnson. Sharis to be presented at the Grand opera house this week. "Too Much Johnson" is said to be one of the most unique and most interesting comedies of the generation. It is described as a conglomerate of comedy of various kinds, light and broad, refined and gross, dove-tailed into each with exceeding skillfulness.

Johnson, of "Too Much Johnson," is both the imaginary creation of a gifted liar and a real person. The mythical Johnson is brought into being by a New York lawyer, who is a gifted liar, for his personal convenience, this gifted liar's name being Billings. Billings is a Lothario, although a married man—for such things happen in New York—and because of a letter, which his wife and her mother get hold of, creating an embarrassing situation for Billings, he invents Johnson as a scapegoat for his own sins. He says the letter from he invents Johnson as a scapegoat its own sins. He says the letter from for his own sins. He says the letter from the lady in the case was sent to and was the property of one Johnson, who is, as he states, the overseer of Billings' hypothetical plantation in Cuba. It should be explained that Billings had, in his fiirtations, possed as one Johnson. Thus the letter found by the wife and her Amazon mamma was addressed to Johnson. Billings had also told his wife and mother-in-law that he had been obliged to visit his plantation in Cuba, thus accounting both for his absences from home with his Juliet, and for the compromising letter. The ladies express their horror at the abandoned character of horror at the abandoned character of

his overseer, as they suppose eager to have him discharged, brough another complication, the Finally, through another complication, the husband, wife and mother-in-law go to Cuba on a visit to Billings' plantation. But Billings has a friend in Cuba who really owns a plantation, and he intends to get this friend to be a friend in need, and, therefore, indeed, plays overseer for awhile, allowing the ladies to harbor the delusion that Billings is really/the car of the banana farm. Unfortunately for Billings his friend has suddenly sold out to a Caliban whose name is really Johnson. The party arrives at the owner's place in his absence and make themselves at home. The real Johnson has been expecting an old man from Canada with his daughter, whom he contracted to marry, and he naturally mistakes the Billings' outfit for the Canadian brigade. The Canadian brigade are supposed by the real Johnson to be poor relatives. Billings, of course, being responsible for the mix-up in his attempts to get out of the scrape. The real Johnson is a fire-eater of a new and marvelous type, and he and the mother-in-law of Billings' have a high old time of it, each mistaking the other, of course. Finally matters get so warm for Billings that he gets his wife, his mother-in-law, the Canadian bride-to-be, her father and the girl's young Canadian lover away from the plantation by the only conveyance at hand, and all excape north on the steamer, leaving the real Johnson, an irate Frenchman, who is husband of Billings' inamorata, and who is on the warpath for the imaginary Johnson, alias Rillings, and old Papa Canada in the lurch, Incidentally there are other complications—a dozen or so.

The company which Mr. Frohman engaged to interpret "Too Much Johnson," incides such well known artists as George Backus, Robert Wilson, Herbert Fortier, Eugene Jepson, Thomas Valentine, C. H. Goldworthy, Ogden Wight, Thomas Erison, Joseph Madden, Miss Maud Haslam, Miss Anna Belmont and Miss Kate Meek.

Two years ago, while the band with the Sister & Martin "Uncle Tom's Cabin" husband, wife and mother-in-law go to Cuba on a visit to Billings' plantation. But

Two years ago, while the band with the Slater & Martin "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, which comes to the Ninth Street theater to-day for a week's engagement, was playing their usual evening concert in front of the opera house at San Bernardino, Cal. the bandmaster discovered that something was the matter, as half the musicians had stopped playing and were enjoying a hearty laugh. On looking around to see the cause of this merriment, he discovered a tall, lanky, colored boy, with an old pair of boots, overalls, jumper and straw hat. The "boy" looked to be about ten feet tall. When Manager Salter heard of the "freak," for such he really is, he started on an fivestigation. The final outcome was that the giant was engaged as a feature with the show. The young fellow's name is Tom Blockman, and he measures a trifle over eight feet in his stockings. He is said to be the tallest colored man living. But he is only one of the many attractive features promised in this big production of the continuously popular old play, which will be staged with special scenery, cast with good people and will introduce the usual quota of dogs, donkeys and the like. Two years ago, while the band with the

An operatic event of unusual promise will be the presentation of Gilbert and Sullyan's tuneful Japanese opera. "The Mondo," by the Central Glee Club of the Central high school at the Auditorium April 1, 2, 3 and Saturday matinee. The opera will be elaborately costumed and

well mounted. In addition to a cast of good singers, there will be a chorus of sixty and the Auditorium orchestra of seventeen musicians. The net proceeds will be invested in a grand piano for the literary and musical societies of the Central high school.

The following are the young people who will take part in the presentation:

The pupils of Professor Von Ritter will give a recital at the hall of the Kansas City Piano Company to-morrow evening. The programme will be as tollows: Orchestra, "Polar Star March" (Jerome), Mr. John Maurer, director, Galop, Master Joe Bren and Arthur Brown.

Galop, Master Joe Bren and Arthur Brown.
"The Flower Girl," Miss Louise Melin.
"Le Papillon." Miss Grace O'Rielly.
Scene de ballet, Miss Mamie McDonald and Professor Von Ritter.
"Beautiful Stella," Miss Mildred Bren.
Folk song, plano duet, Miss A. Finnegan and Professor Von Ritter.
Andante. (Stradella), Professors Sully Oslier and Von Ritter.
"Salute a Pesth." two planos, Miss Etta Mossbacher and Professor Von Ritter.
Selection from "Amoritta," orchestra.
"Narcissus," Miss Annie Finnegan.
Violin solo, selected, Miss Dora Reinertsen.

"The Watcher" (Geibel), Miss Mildred "The Watener (Geibel), Miss Allendary (Hoist),
"The Dance of the Deamon" (Hoist),
Master Joe Bren.
Sonate (Dusser), Miss Aleene O'Rielly,
Scene and prayer from "Der Freischutz,"
Miss Louise Melin.
"Bubbling Spring," Miss Etta Mossbach-

Miss Mabel Ewing, assisted by Dudley H. Eaton. Miss Katherine Graham, and W. Von Rola Macielinski, will give a benefit concert in Bales hall. Twelfth and Porteroad, next Wednesday evening. The programme will be as follows:

Staccato etude (Rubinstein), Miss Ewing, Solo—Selected, Mr. Eaton.
Reading—Selected, Miss Graham.
Reverie (Vieuxtemps), H. Von Rola Macielinski. Reverie (

Accelineki.

Nocturne (Chopin), Miss Ewing.
Solo—Selected, Mr. Eaton.
Reading—Selected, Miss Graham.
Selection, "Tannhauser" (Wagner-Liszt),

(Wieniawski), H. Von Rola Legende Macielinski.

The Crane Engagement.

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Mr. Crane's principal offering, during his engagement at the Auditorium, beginning a week from Monday, will be Martha Morton's latest comedy. "A Fool of Fortune." Like all of the actor's other plays, this one is essentially American and the claim is made for it that it has been praised by some of the ablest critics and essayists in the country. Just how good the play really is remains to be seen, but at all events there is no denying the fact that Mr. Crane has found in it an admirable vehicle for the display of his talents. In constructing the play Miss Morton went to that cemetery as well as birthplace of so many gigantic fortune, Wall street, for her story the display of his talents. In constructing the play Miss Morton went to that cemetery as well as birthplace of so many gigantic fortune. Wall street, for her story and characters. She centered her serious plot on a broker who, when first seen, is rich in this world's goods. For twenty years this man has been walking a financial tight-rope and fortune has been kind to him. The old adage about the pitcher going to the well once too often is applicable to his case, for he goes into one big speculation and it causes his ruin. With one swoop the man goes from affluence to poverty and trials and tribulations follow with their customary speed. In a year the once prosperous and nervy man is found to have aged, become shabby-genteel and to have taken a liking for strong drink. He sinks lower and lower until the time comes that he is pointed out among the curiosities of the stock market. Hebravely fights on, hoping for a reversal of fortune, and when success finally crowns his efforts and wafts his family back to riches he dies, being a veritable fool of fortune to the end. Mr. Crane's delineation of the man in affluence and afterwards in poverty is said to be in his richest vein. The play will be repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday nights and at the Wednesday matinee. "His Wife's Father" will be the bill on Thursday and Friday nights and at the Saturday matinee. On the occasion of his previous visit to this city Mr. Crane presented this play and it made a very pleasing impression. In the presentation the comedian will again be seen as the doting old father, Buchanan Billings, whose selish love for his daughter nearly ruined her married life. "The Senator' will bring the engagement to an end on Saturday night.

GOSSIP AND STORIES 8 OF THE STAGE.

If present arrangements are carried out, Julia Marlowe and Robert Taber will appear next season as separate stars, each at the head of a distinct company, says the New York Dramatic Mirror. This move. or something leading to it, has been long in contemplation, and the receipt by Mr. Taber a few days ago of a new play particularly adapted to himself for starring purposes led to a decision in the matter.

Theodore Bromley, manager for the pres Mirror representative yesterday: "The step sideration, purely for business reasons, and it has not, of course, the slightest bearing upon the domestic relations of Mr. and Mrs. Taber. Ever since they began their arre, faser. Ever sake they began their career as dual stars they have felt that a change was needed. Mrs. Taber, as will be recalled, altered her stage name last year from Julia Marlowe Taber to simply Julia Marlowe, whereby she had been known before her marriage, and the stars were announced as 'Julia Marlowe and Bobert Taber.'

were announced as 'Julia Marlowe and Robert Taber."

"But it has been plain to see that the name of each has detracted somewhat from the drawing power of the other, public at-tention 'seems to have been divided, and business necessity has prompted some ac-

tion. The present tour will be conducted as already arranged, but next season, un-less matters are hereafter largely recon-sidered, will find Julia afarlowe at the head of one company and Robert Taber at the head of another and distinctly separate organization."

head of another and distinctly separate organization."

Nordica has at last sung Brunhilde, and she has triumphed over all prejudice—save that of some of the New York critics. At the close of the performance of "Seigfried" in New York last Wednesday night she was called before the curtain seven times. The critic of the Commercial Advertiser, commenting on the event and the peculiar attitude of certain critics, says:

"But why should not Lehmann, Nordica and Gadski be able to carry a season to success, if the star system is to be insisted on? Lehmann and Gadski have been accorded their due, but why is it—not many are the people who have asked thomselves and each other the question during the past few weeks—why is it that the merits of Mme. Nordica have been given such beautifully brief and limpid notices? Nordica, who was the heroine of last season's opera; Nordica, whose isode was thought not unfit to compare with Klafsky's; this same woman, perhaps a year older, appears after a long absence, and after an extended account of Lehmann's Ortrud, most of the papers incidentally mentioned the fact that Mme. Nordica sang Eisa. The serious musical public does not care tuppence about the prima donna's quarrel with Jean de Reszke; it regretted its inability to be able to hear the singer in her favorite and their favorite roles, and went on the night of her reappearance to welcome her back, not with hysteria, but with thoughtful appreciation. Nordica was greeted enthusiastically, but the desire to show their stolidness and their indifference to outside considerations led the "gentlemen of the press," as polite people call them, to underestimate that enthusiasm, and to do a sad injustice to the singer. Mme. Nordica has not complained, but she must feel that it is rather difficult to please both managers and critics. She had her triumph, though, last night. There was no Ortrud to carry away all the honors—in the press—and by the time Slegfried found his Brunhilde, he was about as badly off as ever a Slegfried was. It was N

Away back in the '80's there was produced without much heralding and at one of the smaller theaters of Brooklyn a new play founded upon imaginary incidents of the war of the rebellion. Mr. Gillette, when he brought forward "Held by the Enemy," as here stated, was accorded the high honor of not only having written the best war play, but probably the very best play on a strictly American subject which had been presented at that time. During the years which have passed, this decision has never been reversed, although many have striven to leaven their efforts with some of the success that Mr. Gillette achieved. Envy forever dogs the footsteps of success, and there were those who said, "it was a chance shot," "a scratch," "he can never do it again." It was not at all necessary for him to do it again. Hit the bull's eye once and the bell rings, Gillette's single shot brought him immediate fame and subsequent fortune, and the high compliment has since been paid him of having others copy the original details of his work, from the hoof-beats of the flying troopers to the court-martial of a captured spy. roopers to the court-martial of a capture As to "Held by the Enemy" being "

As to "Held by the Enemy" being "a chance shot" or even an inspiration, the fact is, the writing of the play was the work of not only months, but of years, at least three of which passed between the time pen was first put to paper, and the day when the completed work was placed in rehearsal. He studies and works with the greatest assiduousness and hence always brings forward one or more of those original dramatic details which make plays popular, while on the other hand, to his highly wrought sensibilities there often come ideas which seem to him effective, but which are really over the head of the rank and file of playgoers, and this he finds out only by production, as in his comedy, "A Legal Wreck," whose fantastic theme and treatment were keenly enjoyed by the very few. He now knows how to hold his audiences at fever heat, without throwing them into dramatic delirium. This precise condition of affairs is said to obtain in "Too Much Johnson" and in the more recent success, "Secret Service."

There is a story told of a performance of "Othello" that took place in the South—I believe in Georgia. They persuaded a Southern colonel who had never been to the theater in his life to go and see what was a masterpiece of the dramatic art. He sat through the play with great interest, and when asked his opinion of it, he said it was "very good, indeed; but I don't see but what the coon did as well as any of them."

Sir Henry Irving tells an amusing story of a joke that he, with Mr. Toole and a third party, played some years ago at a Glasgow hotel, says a London exchange. After their work they were supping at the hotel, where, says Sir Henry, "there was in the room a high screen. The instant the waiter was gone we commenced operations. We stripped the silverware, of which there was a tolerable supply, from the table and placed it behind the screen. We then opened the window and turned out the gas, and finally all got under the table. We had only to remain in our cramped condition a few minutes before we heard the unsteady feet of our friend, the waiter, along the passage.

feet of our friend, the waiter, along the pussage.

"The darkened room amazed him, and the cold air from the window seemed to strike him with affright.

"'Goodness!' exclaimed he, 'it's thieves they are. I thocht as much frae the luiks o' them, and frae their gay talk, and their lauchter. Eh! but I'm a ruined man. A wish a' had nae taen the hale o' that last bottle. Hear—hear, thieves! Thieves! Murder! Thieves! Thieves!' and shouting at the top of his voice he ran out of the room and along the passage.

"The minute he had gone we shut the door, lit the gas, restored the silver to "The minute he had gone we shut the door, lit the gas, restored the silver to the table and sat around as before, enjoying a quiet cigar. Presently there was a confused murmur along the passage. It grew louder and louder, and in poured a truly motley throng, mostly half dressed, consisting of the manager, two men in bare legs and slippers, and a lady with a blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up, followed by our agonized friend, the waiter. One man was armed with a poker, and the other carried a bronze statizette ready to hurl at the thief. As they entered we all sat back and looked at them in well-feigned amazement, and Toole said to the astonished and bewildered manager. 'Do you always come in this way with your friends when a gentleman asks for his bill?'

Among the musical delights of the past week was the playing of Miss Parcell, of St. Louis, who was a pupil of Mrs. Carl Busch, of this city, during the latter's stay in Leipsic. Miss Parcell is about to return to Leipsic to resume her studies. Her appearance in this city was with the Euterpe Club Thursday afternoon. She played a Bach number, the Paganini-Liszt ctude, the Liszt Hungarian march and a Wienliski waltz. She displayed finesse and power and a general versatility. Until she reached the Liszt march she had not demonstrated any particular strength, but in that she was surprisingly brilliant. She is facile and clear cut. Altogether she impressed her audience to the degree of pronounced enthusiasm.

London, March 26.—E. S. Willard, who will play "The Physician" exclusively during his next American tour, has every cause to feel gratified at the reception accorded the piece by the brilliant and distinguished audience which filled the Criterion theater last night.

This latest effort of Henry Arthur Jones, author of "The Middleman," "Judah" and "The Rogue's Comedy," in all of which Mr. Willard has appeared with great success in England and America, was produced by Charles Wyndham, who took the leading role and was assisted by Marion Terry.

The London papers speak in highest terms of the work of Wyndham, Terry and the company. Jones' lines are pronounced brilliant, and the construction of the drama clever.

The play presents twelve characters, of whom only one of the essential figures is a titled personage—a most remarkable case of self-abnegation for Jones, who does dearly love a title.

Dramatic and Musical Notes.

Rudolf King is engaged to give plano recitals in Salina and Concordia, Kas., dur-ing the first week in April. L. J. Carter's spectacular melodrama, "The Heart of Chicago," will follow "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Ninth Street. Professor Rudolph Richter and his pupils will give a recital at the hall of the Kan-sas City Piano Company, Monday evening,

Tuesday evening, April 6, will be a gala night at the Auditorium theater, when the Knights Templar of Kansas City will wit-ness William H. Crane's new play, "A Fool

Billy Birch, the veteran minstrel, was taken ill last Sunday evening at a meeting of the New York lodge of Elks. He wa

removed to his home where his condition was reported yesterday to be most serious. Dramatc Mirror.

Louis Nethersole has purchased "The Cherry Pickers" for production in London this summer. Harry Alward circulated a paragraph to this effect and was surprised to read that the gentle Louis was to take "the Cherry Sisters" to London.

Jacob Litt's new production, "Shall We Forgive Her," was produced in St. Paul on March 2!, and made a very favorable impression. Mr. Litt is confident that the play will be a money-maker. He intends to produce it in New York early next season.

son.

William Gillette, the author, is responsible for such plays as "Heid By the Enemy," "The Private Secretary," "All the Comforts of Home." "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" and "Too Much Johnson." "Too Much Johnson." "Too Much Johnson. "Too Much Johnson has made for the author more than all of the others, its only rival being "Secret Service, now running at the Garrick theater, New York.

Florence Liliian Wickes, the beautiful daughter of Vice President Wickes of the Pullman Car Company, who is a member of "The Nancy Hanks" company, which will be seen at the Grand opera house next week, is the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice, and will appear at the head of her own company next season in a musical comedy, the title of which is "Blue Eye Dorothy."

William T. Carleton has decided to aban-

Eye Dorothy."

William T. Carleton has decided to abandon vaudeville and will return to the lyric stage. A company is now being organized for him by Wemyss Henderson for a spring and summer season. The tour will begin Easter Monday, and it is the intention of Messrs. Carleton and Henderson to make the organization a permanent one for the preservation of standard comic opera and such new works as they have secured at a popular scale of prices. The company will comprise thirty-five people, with a repertoire of thirty operas.

This story is on Sol Smith Russell. After

toire of thirty operas.

This story is on Sol Smith Russell. After the performance of "A Bachelor's Romance," an Englishman of apparent culture waited to have a word with the star. "You are," said he, "Mr, Russell, an actor of real promise. I have enjoyed your performance so highly that I venture, in a spirit of admiration, a suggestion. I trust I am not offending?" "Oh, no; not at all, urged Mr. Russell. "Go on, my dear sir; I am only too glad to hear suggestions," "Well, then," continued the stranger. "It occurs to me that you would do well in comedy. Have you ever tried to do a comic part?"

Charles Hawtrey, who owns the English

comic part?"

Charles Hawtrey, who owns the English rights for "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle." has just written Madeleine Lucette Ryley that he recently attended the copyright performance of the play given in Stockton-on-Tees, and expresses himself as delighted with the play, which he will produce at the Comedy theater in London not later than next August. Rehearsals for the American production are now in progress at the Garden theater, New York. It will have its first important hearing in Washington, April 5. The fact that Annie Russell and Joseph Holland are both in the cast lends the production an unusual interest.

New York Evening Sun: We have heard

she production an unusual interest.

New York Evening Sun: We have heard of actresses being inflated by success, but usually the inflation applies merely to the head. Miss Alice Neilson, the young soprano of the Bostonians, who made the one emphatic hit in "The Serenade." has the disease in a new form. It will be remembered that the biggest laugh in the opera on the opening night came when Miss Jessie Bartlett Davis proposed to Miss Neilson, who was wearing a very trim little pair of knickerbockers, that they should change clothes. That night the audience looked at Miss Neilson and then they looked at Miss Neilson and then they looked at Miss Davis. Then they howled. Subsequent audiences have been disappointed of this laugh, however. As Miss Neilson appears now there is no apparent reason why Miss Davis should not wear her knickerbockers.

One week from to-day at the Grand opera

why Miss Davis should not wear her knickerbockers.

One week from to-day at the Grand opera
house a new company and a new farce will
be seen for the first time in this city. The
name of the company is the MartinettiTannehill, composed of Ignacio Martinetti,
a clever character comedian, who achieved
fame last year as the creator of Zou Zou
in "Trilby." His associate is Frank Tannehill, an actor long and favorably known
to the theatergoers. Anna Boyd, Carrie
Radcliffe, a very clever leading woman,
last season with Stuart Robson; Dorothy
Chester, Clayton E. White, Mrs. Frank A.
Tannehill, George C. Welch and Florence
Lillian Wickes make an exceedingly strong
comedy organization. The name of the
farce is "The Nancy Hanks," from the
pen of Frank Tannehill. The opening here
marks its thirty-first week.

Mark Twain's Forly Life.

Amid surroundings, says Charles Miner Thompson in his article on Mark Twain in the April Atlantic, which were curiously American, if not especially apt to nourisl literary genius, Mark Twain, "a good hearted boy," says his mother, but one who, although "a great boy for history," could never be persuaded to go to school, spent a boyhood which, it appears, was "a series of mischievous adventures." When he was although "a great boy for history," could never be persuaded to go to school, spent a boyhood which, it appears, was "a series of mischievous adventures." When he was twelve years old his father died, and the circumstances of his mother were such that he had to go to work as a printer's apprentice in the office of the Hannibal Weekly Courier. "I can see," he said once at a printer's banquet in New York, "that printing office of prehistoric times yet, with its horse bills on the walls; its 'd' baxes clogged with tallow, because we always stood the candle in the 'k' box nights; its towel, which was never considered soiled until it could stand alone." For three years he worked in this delectable establishment, and then, at the age of fifteen, ran away from home, apparently without a penny of money. Until he was 20 or thereabouts he seemed to have wandered through the eastern half of the country as a tramp printer. Then suddenly changing his vocation, he became a pilot on the Mississippi river. Five years later, the railroads and the civil war having made piloting an impossible occupation, he enlisted as a three-months volunteer in the Confederate army, and was captured, but succeeeded in escaping from the tobacco warehouse in St. Louis, where he was held prisoner. He fied to the West, the West of Brete Harte, swarming with adventures, with whom the fashionable ornaments of the day were "an eight-inch revolver, an Arkansas toothpick and Jack boots." As miner, journalist and lecturer he led a rough and inpecunious life in Nevada and California, until in 1867 he published his first book "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras." and sailed by way of Panama to New York. A little later, he found the opportunity to go to Europe and the Holy Land as a newspaper correspondent, and so obtained the material for his "Innocents Abroad." After many difficulties and with much misgiving, the book was finally published. The next morning, Mark Twain, then 34 years old, awoke like Byron, to find himself famous.

American Indifference to Politics. From the time of the Reformation until about 1820, says Mr. Godkin in discussing "Our Nominating System" in the April Atlantic, men were mainly occupied about political freedom; the great concern of our day is domestic comfort, what is called success in life, or, in other words, pecuniary independence. We are mainly interested in this. We are eager that all should enjoy it, even the poor. Our questions are social questions, Political liberty has passed into the category of natural and usual things, like railroad traveling. We are now troubled about lodgings, diet, readingrooms, old age, pensions, and the "living wage." Consequently, there has for a long while been a decreasing interest in politics, except on great occasions, on the part of the busy, active, intelligent portion of the community. This tendency has been strengthened in our country by the slow or imperfect action of the vote on the conduct of public affairs. It is not exciting to vote in November for a congressman who will have no influence on legislation or administration for over a year. This is the arrangement of an older world, and one very different from ours. This is also true of the election of legislators or executive officers. One election is as much as the bulk of citizens in the great centers of industry and population are willing to give time to. The number of abstentions from the polis among the intelligent classes in cities is very great. But the mere selection of candidates under our present system involves two elections, a double demand on time and attention. Experience has shown that the average citizen will not answer this demand. The effect of his vote on a result which is not final is too uncertain to interest him. He dismisses from his mind the whole process of selection, and falls back on loyalty to his party as a sufficient guide in ordinary times. From the time of the Reformation until about 1830, says Mr. Godkin in discussing Two of a Kind.

The whole day long their tiny feet
Go trotting to and fro:
A moment's rest they will not take;
No weariness they know.
But up and down, across the floor,
And out and in they run:
They never are one moment still
From dawn to set of sun.

The whole day long from morn till night
These two in mischief are:
I hear a crash. "What's that?" I cry;
'Tis dad's tobaceo jar;
'Wife, what has happened to the cat?"
Dad asks; 'her head is bare."
They lisp: "We played at barber's shop,
An' cuttit pussy's hair."

I never know a moment's peace
Till, safe in bed at last.
Their arms aroung each other's necks,
I see them sleeping fast;
And yet without our pickles two
How empty life would be!
More precious, too, than wealth untold
Are they to dad and me.

New York Weekly.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP-"

"I am very sorry to have to cause you this disappointment, Mr. Neal. I esteem and thank you for your offer, but my pledge is already given to another.'

"And that other is—" exclaimed the young man, almost involuntarily, and without removing his intent gaze from the girl's beautiful face.

A vivid blush suffused Rennie's fair cheeks for a moment; then her lips parted in a frank, happy laugh.

"I do not mind telling you, Mr. Neal, since you will know so soon. I am engaged to Roscoe Farnham."

For the first time Neal's eyes dropped away from hers; but the look that flashed through them during that brief interval was as quickly veiled and he said, in tones whose slightly tremulous accent seemed quite natural under the circumstances."

"Accept my sincere congratulations, Miss Lawrence."

Then with a pressure of the hand, he was gone.

Once outside of the have, however, the

Once outside of the house, however, the

one.
Once outside of the house, however, the mask fell from his countenance.
"So," he hissed between his set teeth," Roscoe Furnham, the only rival I feared, has supplanted me! But let him beware! his apparent success in no way weakens the force of my determination to win Rennie Lawrence for my wife. He has a pledge, but he has not yet the lady; and the old adage holds good that 'there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.' What luck has won, craft may despoil him of."

But no threatening of the secretly vowed revenge was apparent for a time.

The young men met each other on apparently the most friendly terms, and Neal had promised to be best man at the prospective ceremony.

Calling upon Mr. Lawrence one evening. Neal desired a private interview, at the close of which Rennie was summoned to the library.

"My child," said her father, with manifest excitement, "you have bestowed your affections upon a man devoid of honor or

"My child," said her father, with manifest excitement, "you have bestowed your affections upon a man devoid of honor or principle. Tell her, Neal."
"Spare me, Mr. Lawrence," said Neal, averting his face. "You tell her. I will assist you if necessary."
Between them the story was told.
How Neal, in consequence of alleged suspicions, had been investigating Mr. Farnham's antecedents, and had learned that his love affairs in various places were quite notorious.

his love affairs in various places were quite notorious.

That, just prior to his engagement to Rennie, he had cruelly broken a previous betrothal, and finally, that his employers were even then investigating grave charges against him, which were likely to lead to his dismissal from the firm.

"Now, my daughter," said Mr. Lawrence, in conclusion, "will you wait to be publicly involved in this man's inevitable disgrace, or will you act the part of wisdom by dismissing him at once?"

Rennie had listened without word or sign, but now she raised her beautiful head proudly.

"I will do this," she answered quickly, "I will send him a letter by James this very night, and by his own answer will I judge him. If he is indeed dishonorable and unworthy, no letter that he can write, no matter how skillfully worded, can hide it or disguise it from me."

And without another word she left the room.

Twenty minutes later William Neal took

matter how skillfully worded, can hide it or disguise it from me."

And without another word she left the room.

Twenty minutes later William Neal took his leave, walked a few paces away from the house, then returning, concealed himself at a convenient point and walted.

Presently a servant man emerged from the lower part of Mr. Lawrence's house, followed by a rosy cheeked chambermaid.

"It's too had, sending you all the way down there to-night." the girl was saying, "You could have dropped it in the post box just as well."

"Miss Rennie says it's to go straight to his lodgings, and if you had seen the look on her face you would have known she meant it." answered James. "I'll be back before long, for I haven't got to wait for an answer."

He moved off reluctantly, notwithstanding, and in another moment Neal touched him on the shoulder.

"Is that you, James?" he called, cheerily. "Did I hear you say that you had a letter to take to Mr. Farnham's lodgings? I am going that way and I'll carry it if you say so, and spare you the walk-and leave you that much longer time for courting," he added, significantly.

"Much obliged to you, sir," replied James. And, resigning his trust with alacrity, he quicly retraced his steps to the house, knowing well that he ran no risk of betrayal from his pretty inamorata.

For two days Rennie waited for an answer to her letter.

On the afternoon of the third day herfather, coming home earlier than usual found in her in a swoon upon the floor.

"My advice is to take her somewhere," said Neal, who had called in opportunely. "If you have relatives anywhere in the country, take her among them and remain with her until she recovers in a measure from this sad blow."

"But my house here—how can I manage about that in the meantime?" Mr. Lawrence asked, in a state of complete bewilderment.

"You need not shut it up. With your permission I will occupy a room here, so

permission I will occupy a room here, so that I can receive and forward whatever mail matter comes during your absence," Neal answered readily.

The arrangement was concluded and the following day Mr. Lawrence and his daughfollowing day Mr. Lawrence and his daughter departed from the city, leaving Neal in possession of the house.

Of the letters that came, he forwarded all but two, which, after having been carefully steamed open and perused with evident satisfaction, were sealed up, enclosed in other envelopes and returned to the sender.

At Neal's urgent suggestion, Mr. Lawrence's absence was prolonged from three months to five, by which time he felt they could be safely recalled—he having learned that Farnham was preparing for a business trip to Europe, expecting to be absent

ss trip to Europe, expecting to be absent two years.
"That will do." he ejaculated. "Long before he returns Rennie Lawrence will be

my wife."

When the heart-broken girl returned,
Neal was the first to meet her, and became
her very shadow, offering no word either of
condolence or love, but rendering the thousand little attentions which sooner or later her from society, for the purpose of avoid-ing any chance meeting with Farnham who was still in the city; but at last he de-

who was suit if the cided upon attending a concert at which some celebrities were to appear, having been informed that the ship on which Roscoe had taken passage would sail early in he afternoon.
It required considerable importuning on

It required considerable importuning on his part to induce Rennie to accept his escort or indulge in any recreation of the kind; but she yielded at last, and Neal felt that he had scored his second move in the game he was playing.

For a while she sat beside him, listlessly indifferent allike to the concert and his occasional whispered remarks. Neal was searching Rennie's fair face with an expression of triumphant admiration, overcast, nevertheless, with a shade of anxiety, while the girl wore an absent-minded, far away look, tinged with hopeless melancholy.

But, after a while, some of the music seemed to arouse her attention and interest, and she listened breathlessly to the song in which the singer, a tenor of rare power and sweetness, was throwing all the strength of artistic skill and appreciation, bring out its subtle sentiment with a power and pathos that stirred the tenderest emotions of her heart.

And not less deeply concerned, but in a widely different sense, was William Neal. He saw that the whole tendency of the programme thus far was to lead her thoughts further away from him and back to that past from which he wished to draw her entirely; and he watched her intent face with a furtive uneasiness and perturbation, conscious that he had made a grave mistake. Finally, as the curtain fell at the close of the first part, to be followed by a short interval, Neal rose with evident relief.

"I see a friend in another part of the house to whom I wish to speak, if you

dent relief.

"I see a friend in another part of the house to whom I wish to speak, if you will excuse me for a moment." he said. Then, with a forced laugh: "I hope they will give us something a little more cheerful in the remaining numbers of the programme. This high strung sentiment is rather too rarified for actual everyday expressions."

He turned away without waiting for an answer, and Rennie was sitting with her head bowed and her eyes full of tears when a step sounded near her and a voice—vibrating with earnest pathos, sincerity and grief—said: and grief—said:
"May I sit here and talk with you for a
few moments? May I, Miss Rennie Lawrence?" and. lifting her head with a sudden start she looked into the frank, but
troubled, face of Roscoe Farnham.
Where was doubt, mistrust, suspicion
new."

Where was doubt, mistrust, suspicion new."

Gone, before the whisperings of that truer voice, whose accents no heart could mistake or disbelieve—that voice that bade him welcome to her side.

"I thought you had gone to Europe," she faltered, scarcely knowing what she said. "Mr. Neal"—then she stopped abruptly.

"Mr. Neal told you so," supplemented Roscoe, with involuntary bitterness, "Perhaps it may prove to be not the first misrepresentation for which I am indebted to Mr. Neal." Then, with a quick movement, drawing a letter from his pocket: "Tell me, Rennie, what does this mean? Did this indeed come from you? It seems impossible, and yet the writing is yours."

Mechanically Rennie took the letter he offered.

A glance at the address brought an expression of astonishment to her face. Then taking out the inclosed sheet she read it to the end.

"The writing is not mine," she said, trem.

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bling violently. "It is a clever forgery, I admit; but I never saw this letter before. I did write you on that date, but I did not direct it to that address, for I did not know you were out of the city."

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Roscoe fervently: then, more earnestly: "Rennie, it is currently reported that you are engaged to William Neal. But as I looked at you both to-night from where I sat, I read admiration and triumph in Neal's face, but neither love nor interest in yours; and in spite of all that had passed, my heart gave m:ration and triumph in Neal's face, but neither love nor interest in yours; and in spite of all that had passed, my heart gave a sudden bound of renewed hope and courage. So when Neal left you just now, I resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity I had found to approach you since the receipt of that cruel letter. I am convinced that there has been some terrible wrong—some shameful treachery. Tell me, did you see Neal the day this letter was written?"

wrong—some shameful treachery. Tell medid you see Neal the day this letter was written?"
For answer Renule related briefly as possible to the property of the For answer Rennie related briefly as pos-

a single moment unguarded in a public place.

Just what mischief had been done, he could not determine; there was no help for it but to wait and see.

His enlightenment came very soon in the form of a brief note from Rennie, informing him that their acquaintance was at an end absolutely and forever.

Roscoe Farnham called the next day, had a long interview with Mr. Lawrence and a longer one with his daughter, at the close of which Rennie whispered as he kissed her for a brief good-by:

"Let us forgive him, Roscoe, for he did us one good turn, in prevailing upon me to go to that concert. If I had remained at home, as I wanted to, you would have left the city without an opportunity for an explanation, and we should have missed our life's happiness forever."

"There's many a slip 'twist the cup and lip,'" laughed Roscoe, unconscious that he was quoting the very expression his rival had used. "But the slip was not ours this time, darling—and so we will forgive him."—Dublin World.

Short Tale of Two Cities.

New Yorker-"Whenever anybody is held up and robbed in your town your papers publish it under flaring headlines and make a tremendous fuss over it." Chicago man—Perhaps the reason why your papers don't is because it is such a common, everyday event in your town."— Chicago Tribune.

Obliging.

From the Washington Star. "Madam," said Meandering Mike, "hev yo yot any cold coffee?"

"No." replied young Mrs. Torkins in tone of sympathy, "but you wait a few minutes and I'll put some on the refrig-erator and cool it for you."

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